Gal 8 A 6

Dekker his Dreame.

In which, beeing rapt with a Poëticall *Enthusiasme*, *the great Volumes of Heauen* and Hell to Him were opened, in which he *read many Wonderfull Things.*

Est Deus in Nobis, agitante calescimus Illo.

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TO THE TRVELY-ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, and worthy Deſeruer of all Mens Loues, *Maſter* ENDYMION PORTER.

SIR:

IF you aske why, *from the heapes of Men, I picke out you onely to bee that* Murus ahæneus, *which muſt defend mee, let me tell you (what you know already,) that Bookes are like the* Hungarians *in* Paules, *who haue a Priuiledge to holde out their* Turkiſh *Hiſtory for any one to reade. They beg nothing, the Texted Paſt-bord talkes all; and if nothing be giuen, nothing is ſpoken, but God knowes what they thinke. If you are angry, that I thruſt into your hands a Subiect of this Nature; O good Sir, take me thus far into your pardon; that it was impoßible for me to beget a Better: For, the Bed on which ſeuen years I lay Dreaming, was filled with thornes inſtead of fethers, my pillow a rugged flint, my Chamberfellowes (ſorrowes that day and night kept me company) the very, or worſe than the very Infernall Furies. Beſides, I*

herein imitate the most Courtly Reuellings; for if Lords be in the Grand Masque, in the Antimasque are Players: So in these of mine, though the Diuell bee in the one, God is in the other; nay in Both. What I send you, may perhaps seeme bitter, yet is it wholesome; your best Physicke is not a Iulep; sweete sawces leaue rotten bodies. There is a Hell named in our Creede, and a Heauen, and the Hell comes before: If we looke not into the first, we shall neuer liue in the last. Our tossing vp and downe (here) is the Sea, but the land of Angels is our Shoare. Sayle so long as we can beare vp, through Honors, Riches, Pleasures, and all the sensuall Billowes of the World: yet there is one Harbour to put in at, and safely to arriue (There) is all the Hardnesse, all the Happinesse. Bookes are Pilots in such voyages: would mine were but one point of the Compasse, for any man to steere well by. I doe not thinke, but euen those Courtiers, who are most taken with the glittering of Pallaces, doe from those glorious Enter-viewes, masques, tilt-triumphs, & such like, (with which their eyes are so often banqueted) reade sometimes excellēt lectures to their soules, by a comparatiue laying those transitory Ones, and those immortall beauties of heauen together. The very Roofes of kings Courts, do almost draw vs vp

to

to ſuch a contemplation: For when the Pauements of ſuch Places are at the beſt but Marble, yet the vpper ſeelings are like Firmaments of Starres: There you ſee the golden Emboſments, and curious Enchacings: The true brauery is aboue.

An excellent Dinner was that in France, *when the King and Queen ſate at Table, and with them,* Thomas Aquinas *and* Bonauentura (*the two great Schoolemen.*) *whilſt the others were feeding, one of theſe caſt an earneſt and fixed eye vpon the beauty of the Queene: at which the King wondring, asked, why hee did ſo? O (quoth he) if the great Worke-maiſter, out of a peece of clay, can mould and faſhion ſo admirable a creature as your Queen is; I am rapt into an aſtoniſhable amazmẽt, to thinke, how glorious thoſe Bodyes are, who are Courtiers attending vpon his Maieſticall Throne. If I hold the Pen longer in my hand, I ſhall fall aſleepe againe: But howſoeuer I wake, or haue mine eyes cloſed, —— I reſt*

Euer ready to do you ſeruice,

Tho. Dekker.

Enter ready to do your Service.

To the Reader.

OVt of a long Sleepe, which for almoſt ſeuen yeares together, ſeized all my ſences, drowning them in a deep Lethe of forgetfulneſſe, and burying mee to the World, in the loweſt graue of Obliuion: Meeting in that drowzy voyage with nothing but frightfull Apparitions, by reaſon (as now I gueſſe) of the place in which I lay, beeing a Caue ſtrongly ſhut vp by moſt Diueliſh & dreadfull Enchantments; I did at laſt fall into a Dreame, which preſented to my waking Soule, infinite Pleaſures, commix'd with In-vtterable Horrors. More did I behold thus Sleeping, then euer I could before, when my eies were wide open. I climbed to the tops of all the trees in Paradiſe, and eate ſweeter Apples then *Adam* euer taſted. I went into the Star-Chamber of Heauen, where Kings and Princes were ſet to the Barre, and vvhen the Court aroſe, I fed vpon *Manna*, at a table vvith Angels. *Ieruſalem* vvas the Pallace I liued in, and Mount *Sion* the hil, from vvhoſe top, I vvas dazled vvith glories brighter

than Sun-beames. This vvas my Banquet: The Courſe-meate vvas able to kill mee. For I vvas throvvne (after all this Happineſſe) into a ſea Infernall, and forced to ſvvim through Torrents of vnquenchable fire. All the layles of Hell vvere ſet open. And albeit the Arraignements vvere horrid, yet the Executions vvere ten-times more terrible. Ioyes tooke me by the hand in the firſt dance, but feares & ſorrovves vvhipt me forward in the ſecond. I muſt not novv tell, vvhat I ſavv, neither can I now ſee ſo much as I haue told. What Muſicke led both theſe meaſures, do but open my ſong-Booke, and the Leſſons are there ſet downe.

If the Notes pleaſe thee, my paines are well beſtowed. If to thine eare they ſound vntuneable, much are they not to be blamed, in regard they are the Aires of a Sleeping Man.

Farewell.

Dekker his Dreame.

Which beeing truely Interpreted, is *able to Comfort the Good, and ter-* rifie the Bad.

When downe, the Sun *his golden* Beames *had layd,*
And at his weſterne Inne *his iourney ſtayd,*
That Sleepe *the eyes of man and beaſt did ſeize,*
whileſt Hee *gaue light to the* Antipodes:
I ſlep'd with others, but my Sences *ſtream'd*
In frightfull formes, for a Strange Dreame *I* Dream'd.

Signes before the laſt day.

Warre.

Peace fled to Heauen *(me thought.) And as ſhe went,*
Her Roabe *fell from her, which* Warre *finding* Rent
Into a thouſand Ragges, *dying them in* Gall,
Mix'd with Mans *blond, and charg'd the world to call*

As before Chriſts comming firſt into

there was an Vniuerſall Peace: So before his laſt cõming, there ſhalbe (if not General wars) euery mans heart fighting one againſt another

Famine.

Thoſe ſpoyles his Enſignes: *then (all-Arm'd) beſtriding*
A Canon, *and with* Thundring *voyce diuiding*
Nations Colleagu'd, *downe fell the* Golden Chaine
Of Sweete *Commerce,* linck'd *both by* Loue *&* Gaine:
Order *ran mad,* Diſorder *fild his* Roome,
When beating at Hell *gates the* Fatall Dromme,
Out-yſſued Vengeance, Horror, Inceſt, Rape,
Famine *and* Death, *in the moſt vgly ſhape*
That Hell *could ſend them out in. At theſe* Sights
Seas *threatned* Shores, *The* Earth *(in ſtrange affrights)*
Shooke at the Center: *then (me thought) one drew*
From his Full Quiuer, *poyſned ſhafts, which flew*

Peſtilence.

With burning feathers of Hot Peſtilence,
Filling the wide-worlds vaſt Circumference
With blaines, and bliſters, whileſt each Kingdome *raues,*
To ſee the whole Earth *but one field of* Graues.

Treaſon.

Anon (me thought) Treaſon, *and* Murther *cry'de*
Kill, Kill; *wilde* Vproares *Gates flew open wide:*
The Father *ſtabd the* Sonne, *the* Sonne *the* Brother,
Man *was not* Man, *till he deſtroyd Another;*
Each man was both the Lyon *and the* Prey,
And euery Corne-field, *an* Aceldema:
A Citty *on a* Cities *ruines ſtood,*
And Townes *(late peopled) now were* Lakes *of* Blood.
As boyſtrous billowes, boyſtrous waues confound,
So Nations, are in Nations glories drownd.

Slauery.

The Turkiſh Halfe Moone *on her ſiluer* Hornes,
Toſſes the Chriſtian Diadem, *and adornes*
The Sphære *of* Ottoman *with* Starry *light,*
Stolne euen from Thoſe, *vnder the* Croſſe *who* fight:

The

The Sacred Empire *did it Selfe o're whelme,* *Ciuill vp-*
State, *on* State *trampled,* Realm *did beat downe* Realme: *roares.*
Religion *(all this while) a* Garment *wore,* Religion made a Strumpet.
Stayn'd like a Painters Apron, and turn'd Whore
To ſeuerall Countries, till from deepe Abyſme
Vp her Two Baſtards *came (*Error *and* Schiſme),
She in That motley Cloake, *with her* Two Twinnes,
Trauell'd from land to land, ſowing Ranck Sinnes,
Which choak'd the Good Corne, *and from them did riſe,*
Opinions, Factions, *black leau'd* Hereſies;
Pride, Superſtition, Rancor, Hate, Diſdaine,
So that (me thought) on earth no good did Reigne.

All this afore named (and more terrible prædictions then the weake *Pen* of a ſilly man can ſet down) are liuely written in *Gods Eternall Calendar*: where his Prophet *Ezechiel* thus thundereth forth the *Terrors* fore-going the later *Day*.

The fiſh of the Seas, Birds of the aire, Beaſts of the Ezech. 39.
field, and al that creepeth on the ground, together with all humane generations, which liue vpon the face of the earth, ſhall be in an vproare. Hils ſhall bee ouerturned, Hedges broken downe, euery ſtrong wall fall to the ground. I will call againſt them the ſword from the tops of all Mountaines, and euery mans ſword ſhall bee bent againſt his owne brother; my Iudgement ſhalbee in peſtilence and bloud, &c. And I will raine fire and brimſtone.

Marke, how an *Euangeliſt* ſeconds a Prophet, with this new battry vppon the world. *When* (ſaith hee) Luk. 21.
you ſhall heare the fame or bruite of warres and vp-

roares, be not afraid, for that these things must bee. And yet presently the end of the world shall not ensue. One Nation shall rise against another, and one Kingdome shall inuade another; there shall be great earth-quakes, pestilence, and famine, most terrible Signes and tokens from Heauen.

The latter day.

THese transitory, poore Terrestriall *terrors,*
Seru'd but as Heralds *to sound forth the* Horrors
Of woes Eternall: *this, was but a Sceane*
To the Great *following* Tragedy. *So that then*
(Me thought) one sitting on a Raine-bow, *sounded*
A trumpet, which in earth-quakes Earth *confounded.*
And then a voyce, shrill (but Angelicall)
Full of Command *and* Dreade, *from heauen did call,*
To Summon *the whole world to stand toth'* Barre,
Both All *that euer haue beene, and now are,*
To giue a strict account how they had spent
That Tallent *of their life, which was but lent.*

We must *All* be *Summoned* before the *Tribunall Seate* of *Christ*, and euery man receiue either *Good* or *Euill*, according as he hath behaued himselfe whilst he liued vpon earth. Christ taketh Account of all his Tallents, Luke 12. 16. 19. 10. Math. 26.

Terrors

Terrors of the later Day.

THe Leaues *of* Heauen *(me thought) thē rent in ſunder,* Clouds ſhruck vp like parchment.
Out of which, Lightning *brake, and* Horrid Thunder,
Which paſh'd (in peeces) Kingdomes: *whizzing flakes*
Of Brimſtone *rain'd, that* Seas *ſeem'd* Burning Lakes:
Rocks *crumbled into powder; Scalded Mountaines*
In their drie Iawes, *dranck riuers vp and fountaines:*
Fury, *with Snaky locks, and Smeared hands,*
(Toſſing about her eares two firy brands)
Met Wrath, *and Indignation, raging mad,*
Tearing each others fleſh, and wildly clad
In Skins of ſpotted Tygers: *vp and downe*
They ran, and ſpied (at laſt) Confuſion:
With whom ſwearing a League, *black ſtormes they* Hurl'd,
With whirlewind violence to cruſh the world,
And bury her in's quick Ruines: *All the* Floore
Celeſtiall, *crack'd and fell downe in a ſhower*
Of Bloud, *whilſt the* Terreſtriall Pauement *burn'd,* Starres.
In which the Starres *to ſpeed-out* Smuſſes *were turnd.*
The Sun *leap'd from his* Chariot, *and in feare* Sunne.
Of Firing, *headlong ran to'th* Moones *cold* Sphære, Moone.
But ſhe (for all her Flouds, Ice, Froſts *and* Snow)
Did like a lampe of ſteele, i'th Furnace *glow.*
The Sun *and* Moone *were neither* Sun *nor* Moone,
Their Shining *could be cald, nor* Night *nor* Noone:
This Maſſy, Vniuerſall, Earthly Ball, The world on fire.
Was All *one* Bonfire, *and it burnt out* All.
In an eies Twinkling, *more by* Fire *was loſt,*
Than Twenty Earthes, *and all their wealth e're coſt.*

Christ his Comming in Glory.

A Simile.

As in an Army Royall *(led by a King)*
After the Canons *Sulphurous thundering,*
Battring downe Bulwarkes, Rampires, Parapets,
Forts, Gabions, Palizadoes, Cazimates,
Horror *on all sides* Roaring, Wings *here flying*
At Wings *(like armed* Eagles*) here* Troopes *dying,*
A butcherous Execution *through the field,*
Bellowing with Fiend-like *threats, when yet none yeeld,*
Though Death *stalkes vp and downe, ghastly and pale,*
The Victors Wreath *lying in a doubtfull Scale;*
The King *himselfe, safe guarded on a* Hill,
Seeing this black day, yet stirring not vntill
He findes fit time to Strike: *then downe, amayne,*
Whorrying he comes, a glorious dreadfull Trayne
Of High-Heroick *Spirits, circling him round,*
Who with swift Vengeance *do their* Foes *confound,*
And slaue-like drag them at prowd Chariot wheeles,
Whilst miseries (worse then Death*) tread on their heeles:*
So (but with greater Terror, State, *and* Wonder)
Heauens Supreme Monarch *(one hand griping thunder,*
The other stormes of Haile, Whirle-winds *and fire,*
Ensignes *of his hot-burning quenchlesse Ire)*
When the Worlds buildings, *smothered lay in smoake,*
(With sparkling eyes) Maiestically broke
Out of his Pallace, *ne're set ope before,*
And stood like a Triumphant Conqueror.

The terrour of Christs Comming.
Veniet splendore Rutilans, pulchritudine Admirandus, Iustis amabilis, Impijs horribilis.

Esay 28.

Trampling

Trampling on Death *and* Hell: *About him, round*
(*Like petty* Viz-royes) *Spirits* (*me thought*) *all-Crownde,*
Shewd, as if none but Kings, *had bin his* Guard;
Whole Hierarchies *of* Saints *were then preferd,*
With Principalities, Powers, *and* Dominations,
Thrones, Angels, *and* Archangels, (*all at once*)
Filling the Presence: *Then like heauen-borne* Twinnes,
Flew fiery Cherubins, *and* Seraphins,
Whilst the old Patriarches, *cloath'd all in white,*
Were rap'd *with Ioy, to see beames far more bright;*
About the Prophets *and th'* Apostles *runne,*
Than those whose Flames *were kindled at the* Sun.
Martyrs (*me thought*) *with selfe-same lustre shinde,*
As Gold, *which seuen times was by fire refinde:*
Virgins, *whose Soules in life from* Lust *liu'd cleare,*
Had Siluer *robes, and on their heads did weare*
Coronets *of* Diamonds. *Were my* Fingers *slim,*
My Pen, *of pointed* Adamant *t'imprint*
Characters *in tough Iron, or hammered* brasse,
Mine inke, a depthlesse Sea; *All these* (*alas!*)
Would be worne out, ere I one lyne should draw,
Of those Full Glories, *which* (*I dreamd*) *I saw:*
Nor could I write this (*though it be but meane*)
Did not some Angell guide my Fainting Pen.
Gods Heire Apparent (*here once made away*)
Triumph'd in this his Coronation day,
In which Heauen *was his* Kingdome, Mercy *his* Throne,
Iustice *his* Scepter, *a* Communion
Of Sanctified soules, *the Courtly* Peeres,
And his Star Chamber Lords: *who now had yeeres*

O Death! Where is thy sting? &c.

How Christ comes guarded and attended.

Patriarches. Math. 13.

Prophets.

Martyrs.

Virgins. Psal. 20.

In imitation of that in *Virgill.*

which neuer turn'd them Gray, *by* Times *rough wether,*
Greatneſſe *was now, no more cald* Fortunes *fether,*
Nor Honor *held a fruitleſſe golden* Dreame,
Nor Riches, *a bewitching ſwallowing ſtreame,*
Nor Learning *laugh'd at as the* Beggers Dower,
Nor beauties *painted cheeke a* Summers Flower.
No, no; life endleſſe was, yet without loathing,
Honor *and* Greatneſſe *wore* Immortall *cloathing,*
Riches *were* Subiect *to no baſe* Conſuming,
Learning *burnt bright, without Contentious fuming,*
Beauty *no painting bought, but ſtill renew'd,*
Each one had (heere) his full Beatitude.
O my weake eyes! how did your Balls *(me thought)*
Burne out their Ielly, when they had but caught
One little-little glimpſe of thoſe Diuine
And in-acceſſible Beames, *which did out-ſhine*
Hot-glowing coales of Fire? *no mortall* Sight
Can ſtand a Maieſty *ſo infinite.*

The Saints in heauen inioy all perfection.

That Face *whoſe* Picture *might haue ranſom'd* Kings,
Yet put vp Spettings, Baffulings, Bufferings.
Eſa. 50. Ierem. 3. Math. 26. Marke. 14. Luk. 22.

That Head, *which could a* Crowne *of* Starres *haue worne,*
Yet ſpightfully was wrench'd with wreathes of Thorne,
Math. 27. Mark. 15. Iohn 19.

As Chriſt was in euery part of his body crucified by *Iewes*; So will he come Glorified in alperfection, to the Terror both of *Iewe* and *Gentile.*

Thoſe Hands, *and* Feete, *where* Pureſt *ſtamps were ſet;*
Yet Naild-vp *like to* Pieces *Counterfet.*
Pſal. 77.

Thoſe

Thoſe Lippes, *which though they had Command o're All,*
Being thirſty, Vineger *had to drinke, and* Gall.
Luk. 23.

That Body, *ſcourg'd and torne with many a wound,*
That his deere Bloud *(like* Balme*) might leaue vs* Sound.
Luk. 23. Pſal. 129. Zach. 13.

The Well *of* Life, *which with a* Speare *being tride,*
Two Streames (Myſterious) *guſh'd out from the Side.*
Iohn 19.

Meſſias, *great* Iehouah, God *on hie,*
Yet Haild, King *of the* Iewes, *in Mockery.*
Mach. 27. Mark. 15. Luk. 23.

The Manger-Cradled Babe, *the* Begger *borne,*
The pooreſt Worme *on earth, the* Heighth *of* Scorne.
Math. 2. Pſal. 22.

That Lord, by his Owne *Subiects* Crucified,
Lo, at this Grand Aſſize *comes* Glorified,
With troopes of Angels, *who his* Officers *are,*
To call by ſound of Trumpe *his* Foes *to a* Bar.
Thus ſtood he Arm'd; Iuſtice *his* Breaſt-plate *was,*
Iudgement *his* Helmet, *ſtronger farre than* Braſſe:
On his Right Arme, Truths Shield *he did aduance,*
And turnde his Sharpned Wrath *into a* Lance: Wiſd. 5.
Out of his Mouth, *a* Two-edg'd Sword *did ſtie,*
To Wound, Body *and* Soule, *eternally;* Apoc. 1.

Arm'd (Cap-a-pe) *thus, who 'gainſt him durſt fight?*
There was no ground for Strength, *nor yet for* Flight.
At this (me thought) All Graues *that euer held*
Dead Coarſes, *yawn'd wide-open, and compell'd*
The bones *of* Dead-men, *vp with* Fleſh *to riſe;*
Yea, thoſe on whom the Seas *did tyrannize,*
And drown'd in wrackes, and which were peece-meale eaten,
With liuely bodies to the ſhoares were beaten:
Whom Sword, *or* Fire, Iibbets, *or* Wheeles *had torne,*
Had their owne limbes againe, and new were borne:
From the firſt Man *God made, to'th laſt that died,*
The Names *of All, were here* Examplified,
The generall Seſſions. Emp'rours *and* Kings, Patriarches, *and* Tribes *forgotten,*
The Conquerors *of the world (moldred and rotten)*
Lords, beggers, Men *and* Women, *young and old,*
Vp (at a Bar *ſet forth) their* Hands *did hold.*
The bookes of Conſcience opened. *The* Iudge *being ſet, in open Court were layd*
Huge Bookes: *at ſight of which, All were diſmaid,*
Would faine haue ſhrunck back, and fell downe with feare:
In ſheetes of Braſſe, *all* Stories *written were*
(Which thoſe Great volumes *held)* Charactred *deepe*
With Pens *of* Steele, Eternall Files *to keepe*
Of euery Nation, *ſince the* Earth *began,*
And euery Deede, Word, thought, *of euery* Man:
Sins *hatch'd in* Caues, *or ſuch whoſe Bawd was* Night,
The Minutes of the Act were here ſet right.
Great men, *whoſe ſecret* Damn'd ſins *vizards wore*
ſo cloſe, that none vpon their Browes *could ſcore*
The leaſt Black line *(becauſe none durſt) had here*
A Bill *of* Items *in particular,*

Vnusquisque cernet ante faciem ſuam expoſita Opera ſua, ſiue bona illa, ſiue mala, &c. Item, Formidabiles libri aperientur, in quibus ſcripta ſunt Opera noſtra, & Actus, et Verba; et quæcunque egimus in hac Vita: illic non ſolum Actus, verum et cogitationes, et in-

what

What their Soules *owed for* Sin, *to* Death *and* Hell;
Or, if it happened that they e're did well,
In these True Iournals *it at large was found,*
And with rich promise of Reward *was* Crown'd.

The Bookes were opened, &c. Apoc. 20.
Which done (me thought) the Sessions *thus began,*
Conscience *the Cryer, cald forth euery* Man,
To make appearance, and (though to my sight
The Numbers *that were there were infinite)*
In an Eies-twinkling, *yet they* parted *were,*
The Good *from* Bad, *the* Spotted *from the* cleare;
The Wolues *and* Goates, *toth' left* Hand *howling went,*
The Lambs, *and* Hatmeleſſe Sheep, *toth'* Right *were ſent.*
After this Separation, *vp did riſe*
Heauens-Lord-chiefe-Iuſtice, *and this* Sentence *flies*
Out of his Dreadfull Breaſt: *O you (quoth he)*
That haue my Lambs *bin, and did follow me,*
As your true Shepheard, *and did know my* Voyce,
As I in you, you ſhall in Mee *reioyce:*
And now is come the day: this is the Houre,
In which my Bleſſings on *your* Heads I *poure:*
Beloued *of my* Father, Come *and* Take
A Kingdome *layd vp onely for your ſake;*
For me you haue bin Mock'd, Reuil'd, *and* Beate,
Mount therefore now into a Glorious Seate:
O bleſſed word! which none but he can ſpeake,
O word of Loue Diuine! *when (not with weake*
But Armes Omnipotent-ſtrong, *ſpread ope'-wide)*
He cries, Come, Come? *How is* Man *digniſide*

tentiones Cordis, ſcripta erunt. Ephra in lib. De Vera Pœnitentia Cap. 4. Quid nobis miſeris fiet, cum omnia (orbi Vniuerſo) palam facta, in tam aperto, támque illuſtri Theatro denudata, Hominum nobis partim cognitorum, partim incognitorum oculis ſubijcientur &c. D. Chryſoſtom: Homil. 5. ad Roman.

Cõſcience the Cryer of the Court.

Triticum a Zizaniis, bonas piſces a malis ſeparabit.

The Lord-Chiefe-Iuſtice his Sentence on the priſoners.

Come you Bleſſed, &c.

Math. 25.

Math. 5.

(*Being but a* Vassaile *groueling on the ground*)
Next to his Kings owne Throne *thus to sit* Crown'd?

The excellence of that Inheritance laid vp in heauen for those that doe well.

Come and possesse: *O what shall you possesse?*
A Kingdome, *whose vast* Boundes *none can expresse:*
Had all the Peebles *in the world bin cut*
Into Rich Diamonds, *and both* Indies *put*
Into Two Hils *of* Siluer, *and fine* Gold,
Nor all Kings-*hoorded* Treasures *downe being told,*
Can this Inheritance *buy, which for your* Good
Is purchast at a High Rate (*Christs deere* blood.)
Come, *and* Possesse, *what* Time *can neuer* Rot,
Theeues *steale*, Warres *spoyle, or* Cankrous Enuy *blot*;
Come, *and possesse, a* State *whose* Title, Law,
Attorneys Wiles, *no, nor the scarlet* Awe
Of corrupt Iudges *euer can* Intangle,
No Bawling Pleader *at the* Barre *shall wrangle*
To proue the Right *of* This, *being* Stronglier Grounded
Than Descents Lineall, *by which* Realmes *are* Bounded.
Sit at his Table, *which doth* Euer-*sit*
Couered *with* banquets *of* Eternitie:
Saluations Cup *stands filled for you with* Brim,
Come Drinke, *where immortality doth swim.*
Come *and* Possesse *you* blessed. *Blest in This,*
The deere Sonne *giues you a* Coelestiall Kisse
For welcome: Come you blessed, and possesse
Wealth, Honor, Glories, Pleasures *numberlesse.*

The not-guilty, how rewarded.

Forth-with (me thought) they All *were* Crownd *with* Gold,
Set thick with Starres, *and in their hands did hold*
Scepters *of* Sparkling Diamonds, *which out shinde*
Sun-beames, *or* Siluer, *seuen times being* Re-finde.

The

The Ioy at this, was wondrous: All the Skies
Danc'd to the ſoundes of ſeuerall Harmonies,
Both Angels, *and* Arch-angels *loudly ſung,*
All Heauen *was but* One Inſtrument *well ſtrung.*
But They, *who on the* Left-hand *were ſet by,*
(As Out-caſts*) ſhooke and trembled fearefully,* The guilty, how perplexed.
Like falling Towers: *their* Sinnes *and* Soules *were black,*
And troopes of Hel-hounds *waited at their* Back:
They beat their breaſts, *they tore their fleſh and haire,*
And curſ'd that houre in which they firſt drew aire.
And then with Grones *(able to ſplit in ſunder* If the condemnation bee ſo grieuous, what wil the execution be? Oſee 10.
Their very Soules, *like* trees *riuen through with* Thunder*)*
They wrung their hands, ſobd, ſhrik'd, *&* howl'd, *&* prai'd
That Rocks *and* Hils *might on their* backs *be layd,*
And they to duſt be grinded, ſo that they
Might from the Iudges *face but turne away:*
And ſeeing themſelues inforc'd to ſtand the Doome,
They gnaſh'd their teeth, and curſ'd their mothers wombe. Ierem. 20.
They who on earth were reard (Coloſſus-high)
Spurn'd Kingdomes, trod on Thrones, and did deſie Ierem. 25. Pſal. 149.
Omnipotence *it ſelfe, into baſe graues.*
Tombling prou'd Monarches, here tooke place with Slaues,
And like to broken Statues *downe were throwne,*
Trampled, and (but in ſcorne) not look'd vpon.
Their cries, *nor* yellings *did the* Iudge *regard,* The Iudge implacable.
For all the doores of Mercy *vp were bard,*
Iuſtice *and* Wrath *in wrinkles knit his forhead,*
And thus he ſpake: You curſed *and* abhorred,
You brood *of* Sathan, *ſonnes of death and hell,* Be Maledicti.
In fires that ſtill ſhall burne, you ſtill ſhall dwell:

In hoopes of Iron, then were they bound vp strong,
(Shrikes *being the Burden of their dolefull* Song.)
Scarce was the Sentence *breath'd-out, but mine eies*
Euen saw (me thought) a Caldron, *whence did rise*
A pitchy Steeme *of* Sulphure *and thick* Smoake,
Able whole coapes of Firmament *to choake:*
About This, Diuels *stood round, still blowing the fire,*
Some, tossing Soules, *some whipping them with wire*
A-crosse the face, as vp toth' chins they stood,
In boyling brimstone, lead, and oyle, and bloud.
Millions were here tormented, and together
(All *at this* Sessions *doom'd) were condemn'd hither.*
My frighted Soule *(me thought) with terrors shooke*
To see such Horrid-Obiects: *bloud forsooke*
The conduite-pipes of each Exterior part,
And ran to comfort and defend the Heart.
But the worlds Glorious Frame *being rac'd in fire*
And none aliue left, I had then desire
(Me thought) to see That black Infernall Court,
Whither (in thousands) Soules *did so resort.*

Soules tormented.

Facilis descensus Auerni.

The way was quickly found: paths numberlesse
(Beaten with feete which thither fast did presse)
Lay trodden bare, but not One Path *returning,*
Was euer seene from this dark house of Mourning.

Vestigia nulla retrorsum.

This Flaming Kingdome *hath* One Ferriman,
And he One Boate: *he rowes through* Acheron
Styx, *and* Cocytus, Riuers *that in* Hell
Spread all the Countrey *ouer:* Fogges *still dwell*
Stinking and thick, vpon them, and there growes
Vpon their bankes *(in wild disordered rowes)*

The

The Poplar *(white and black) with blasted* Ewgh,
The deadly Poppy, Cypresse, Gall, *and* Rew,
*(*Emblems *of* Graues, Tombes, Funerals, *and* beeres*)*
And on the boughes no other Bird appeares,
But Schriches, Owles, *and* Rauens, *and the shrill throates*
Of Whistlers; *death still listning to their Notes.*

These *Riuers* of *Hell, Poetically* inuented, carry a *Morall* and *Mysticall Interpretation*: for *Acheron* (the first water) signifies *Bitternesse*: *Styx*, a detestation; and *Cocytus*, a Sorrow or *Repentance*, and are thus applyed. When *Soules*, by reason of their *Sinnes*, are to passe ouer the troublesome *Riuers* of *Death*, being tormented with remembrance of the losse of worldly *Honors*, *Riches*, &c. then they passe *Acheron*, it is a bitter draught: *Styx* is the next, for when they see no remedy; but they must passe ouer to their last shoare, they begin to haue a loathing of their *Ante-acted* life: and then comming to ferry ouer *Cocytus*, they mourne and howle: so that all the conflicts, combats, and earthly wrastlings about the time of a *Mans* departure, are figured vnder those *Three Riuers*.

A pardon for these Poeticall Fictions, may (without much begging) bee giuen, if the Curious Censor makes but true vse of the Inclusiue moral, no way derogating from Diuinity.

I hollowed to the Ferriman *(me thought)*
And with a stretch'd voyce, cry'd a Boate, *a boate:*
Hee *came at first call, and when neere he drew,*
That of his Face *and* Forme, *I had full view,*
My bloud congeal'd to ice with a cold feare,
To see a Shape *so horribly appeare:*
His eyes flash'd fire, grizled and shagg'd his Haire,
(Snarl'd all in felt-lockes) Terror *and* Despaire.

Death terrible in countenãce.

Lay in his wrinckled cheekes, his voyce was hoarſe,
And grumbling, he look'd ghaſtlier than a Coarſe.

This deſcription of the *Vgly Ferriman*, is but an Argument how terrible the apparence of death is vnto vs, at our laſt voyage, which we take in departing from the world.

By thoſe, who there ſtood thronging on the Shoare,
I heard his name was Charon: *A black* Oare
And dirty, held he in his brawny hand.
And though 'mongſt thoſe who ſtood vpon the Strond
Mors ſceptra ligonibus aquat. *He ſaw ſome* Kings, *ſome* Beggers, *None had roome*
For Birth, *or* Bloud, *but ſate as they did come:*
None gaue the Cuſhions here, for there was none,
But in heaps tumbling in, All *were as* One:
Some thither came, laden with bags of gold,
Some with braue cloath's; them did he barke, and ſcold,
And ſnatch'd all from them, with looke ſharpe and grim,
Iob. 4. *All* Fares *(he ſayd) muſt* Naked *goe with him.*

As *Death* hath no reſpect of perſons, for the beggers diſh & the kings ſtanding cup of gold, are to him of one weight; ſo he ſpoyleth all men of all that they poſſeſſe, *Princes* of their *Crownes*, *Lords* of their *Mannors*, *Iudges* of their *Scarlet*, *Gentlemen* of their *Reuenues*, *Citizens* of *Riches*, *Souldiers* of *Strength*, *Scholers* of *Learning*, *Women* of *Beauty*, *Age* of *Experience*, *Youth* of *Comelineſſe*. And as they enter into the *Liſts* of the world, weake and vnfurniſhed; So muſt they go forth, *Beaten*, *Vanquiſhed*, and *Diſarmed*.

At laſt (me thought) I leap'd into the boate,
Which ſeene, the Sculler *pluck'd me by the throate*
To haue his Fare *firſt; asking what it was,*
He cry'd a Penny. *I for That did paſſe:*
Being glad for bought experience I could tell,
That Auarice *houſe ſtood the next doore to hell.*

Couetouſneſſe a hag infernal.

Charon, by interpretation is *Ioy*; for after we haue ferried ouer the troubleſome paſſage of death, and landed on the ſhoares of *Bleſſedneſſe*, then the *Ferriman* (how churliſh and terrible ſoeuer hee ſeemed at firſt) hath a countenance merry and comfortable. *Charon* alſo, is pictured *Old*, thereby ſignifying *Good Councell*, & *Sweete Perſwaſion* to prepare for death, and that brings *Ioy*: For what *Ioy* can bee greater, than that which ariſeth out of an aſſured knowledge of a ſpotleſſe Innocence, or of an hope that ſins committed are repented and pardoned? What *Charon* is

Anon (to ſee with what a Reſtleſſe Gyre
The Soule *entranc'd is whirld, ſome times through fire,*
Then waues, then Racking Clowdes: *earth, heauen and hell*
Lying (then) all-open, free, and paſſible)
Me thought, being in a Twinkling *ferried o're,*
And trembling on the horrid Stygian *ſhore,*
I ſaw the Brazen *gates of deepe* Abyſſe
In a vaſt bottome ſtanding: none can miſſe
The way, it is ſo beaten, and ſo wide
That ten Caroches (*breaſt-wiſe*) *in may ride.*
To it there is a Headlong baſe Deſcent,
Slippery in whorrying downe, yet turbulent

Through throngs of people dayly poasting thither,
For Day *nor* Night *are the* Gates *closde together.*
As at some direfull Tragœdy *(before*
Not Acted) men preasse round-about the dore
Crowding for Entrance, *yet none entrance haue,*
But (like toss'd billowes) this and that way Waue:
So Here; *I ask'd the cause, and thousands cry'd,*
Hell is so Full, *there's roome for* Few *beside.*
In thrust I 'mongst the thick'st, and sweating got
(For all the Aire mee thought was sulphry hot)
With much a-doe to'th Gate, *where stood a grim*
And churlish Porter, *being in voyce and limbe*
A Dog; *yet like the* Porter *of a* Iayle,
On new-come guests he Fawn'd *and wagg'd his taile,*
But bawl'd aloud for Fees, *ready to teare*
Their throats, who without bribes begg'd Entrance *ther,*
I choak'd the Curre *with what he crau'd, and went*
On with bold steps to the Black Regiment.

Noctes atq; Dies patet atri Ianua Ditis.

Hell extreame full.

Cerberus Porter to Hell.

The *Feeding* and *Feeing* of *Cerberus*, taxeth those in office, who wey the gift, not the cause; and haue no other language in their mouthes, but *Quid dabis?* yet S. *Paul* willeth him that hath an office, to looke to his office: And as for taking of *Bribes*, there is a direct Statute against it, set downe by the *Vpper house* of *Heauen*, in these expresse words, *Thou shalt take no Bribe, Exod.* 23.

Noyse *was my* Guide *(mee thought) by which being led,*
I got to'th Court *where* Soules *were* Sentenced:
Full was it of braue Fellowes *and fine* Dames,
Their Haire *(once so perfum'd) all turn'd to* Flames.

The

Lucifer in his state.

The Prince *of* Darkeneſſe, *ſate vpon a* Throne
Of red-hot Steele, and on his head a Crowne
Of Glowing Adamant: *As in he drew*
The noyſome Ayre, *flames from his noſtrils flew,*
His Eyes *flaſh'd fire, and when with dreadfull ſound*
He Roar'd *(for that's his* Voyce*) he ſhooke the grownd*
Of his Tartarean Pallace*) maſſy* Keyes
(The Enſignes *of his* Empire*) held (as* Stayes*)*
A Canopy of Braſſe *aboue his head,*
Which hard (to laſt) in Hell *was* Hammered.
Thoſe Keyes *being* Emblems *of* Eternall paine,
For who there enter ne're come forth againe,
Being lock'd-vp Euer: *At his clouen feete*
Three Iudges *ſate, whom I did lowly greete.*

The infernall Iudges.

Thoſe *Iudges* names are *Minos, Rhadamanth,* and *AEacus:* the *Infernall King* is called *Pluto.* Now, albeit by the lawes of *God* we both beleeue, and are bound to acknowledge Him onely to bee *Supreme Lord* and *Iudge* both of *Heauen, Earth,* and *Hell,* yet ſithence thoſe former figured Names (drawne from *Poeticall Inuention*) carry in them a *Morall* and *Inſtructiue Meaning,* they are not altogether to be reiected; and the rather becauſe in *Picturing* forth ſo *Terrible* an *Obiect* as the *Kingdome* of *Hell,* and *Tortures* of the *Damned,* I ſtriue to ſhaddow the *Horrors* of them, and to ſet them off with heightning both of *Profit* and *Delectation.*

Hee will bruſe them with a rod of iron, &c. Pſalme 2.

The Iudges *in their hands held* Whips *of* Wire,
Dipp'd in boyld brimſtone to pay Soules their hire
According to their Facts: *The King of* Fiends
Spying me there i'th throng, roares out and ſends

Two of his Furies *(Beadles of the Court)*
To drag me to him, who in curriſh ſort
(Like fleſh-hooke-fingred Sergeants*) hal'd me on:*
Being there, the Lawes *of* Black Damnation
Thus yawnd, and bellowed: Wherefore art thou come
Hither *(thou* Slaue*) ere* Death *ſets downe thy* Doome?
Thou art aliue, and not a ſoule that drawes
Breath Vitall, *by our dread infernall* Lawes
Muſt here ſet Footing. Humbly *then (me thought)*
With pale and frightfull lookes I Him *beſought,*
That ſince I was a Stranger, *and aliue,*
Hee *by his* Helliſh *large* Prærogatiue
Would ſigne my Paſſe, *but to walke all the* Rounds
Of his vaſt Countries and to view their Bownds:
A yelling Out-cry *all-about was hurld,*
That 'twas not fit one of the Vpper World
Should be a cloſe intelligencing Spy
Of their ſcorch'd ſhores to make diſcouery.
But the Crim Tartar, *with diſtorted brow*
Thwarting their grumbling, held it ſcorne to bow
To any wiſh of theirs, and Vnder-writ
The Paſſe, *with toades bloud from the Witches pit,*
Charging me as my ſoule (if ere it fell
Into his Pawes*) ſhould anſwere it in hell,*
Not to a next World *that my* Pen *betrayd*
What there I ſaw. His threatning being obay'd,
From him I tooke my way, nor did I feare
To loſe my path, Hels *path was every where.*

Heere

Heere begin the Descriptions both of *the Darkenesse and fires of Hell, &c.*

as also of the particular Torments assigned to euery *Man, according to his particular Sinnes.*

ON wings of hot desire I flew from thence
With whirle-wind swiftnesse, noyse, and violence,
Being mounted on a Spirits *back, which ran*
With Mandrake-shrikes, and like a Lubrican:
Whilst round (mee thought) about me there did roare
Ten thousand Torrents, *beating on a shoare*
Made all of Rocks, *where huge* Leuiathans *lay*
Gaping to swallow Soules, *new cast away.*

Iob 27.
Esay. 57.

The Darkenesse of Hell.

VVEre all the Rowndure *betwixt* Hell *and* Heauen
One Clowd *condensd, & into* blackenesse *driuen,*
Not That; no, nor the Chaos *vn-re finde,*
(When in one Bundle Darknesse *vp did binde*
That confus'd Lumpe of Mixtures*) being put too,*
Not That: no nor if since the world was new,
All Nights *(that euer were) might grow in* One,
Neither could That: nor that AEgyptian
Caliginous, Black vapor, *which did rise*
From Caues infernall to blind Pharaohs *eyes,*
Clammy as if that pitch from Heauen *did melt,*
And glutinously-thick it might be felt:

The darknesse of Hel (no way to bee described) is heere notwithstanding by comparison of others, made fearefull vnto Humane vnderstanding by such things as we know.

Adde to all theſe, that hideous direfull howre.
When all the lamps Cæleſtiall out did powre,
Their lights like ſpent oyle, dropping from their Sphære
(As in my dreame at firſt it did appeare:)
Not all theſe Darkeneſſes *together glowd,*
And ten-times-ten Redoubled *and* Renewde,
Are halfe ſo diſmall as the Night *infernall,*
Black, Stinking, Stiffling, Poyſning, *and* Eternall.

The properties of hells darkeneſſe.

See for this Darkeneſſe *Math.*22.13. Iud.13. Iob 10. Prou.4.14. Pſal.107.10.

Horror of Hell Fire.

HOw then (*it may be asked*) *did my weake* Sight
Pierce theſe thick walles of Horror, *where no light*
Euer ſhed Beame? *why, on that* Sorcerous Coaſt
Where Hagges *and* Witches *dwelt was not I loſt?*
My Spirit *had balls of* Wild-fire *in his head*
For Eyes (*me thought*) *and I by them was led:*
For All theſe coale-pits (faddom'd deepe as hell)
Still burne, yet are the Flames Inuiſible.
This fire is none of that, which God *lent* Man,
When (driuen by ſinne out) he from Paradiſe *ran,*
Bitten with cold, beaten with froſts and Snow,
And in meere pitty did that Warmth *beſtow,*
Teaching him how to kindle it at firſt,
And then with food combuſtible haue it nurſt:

Tartarei ignis ardor, ſic noſtrũ materialem Ignem vincit, vt noſter piſtum, &c. Anſelm.

No,

No; this Red, Gloomy Fornace *is a* Firing,
Deuouring, yet not wasting nor selfe-tiring.
Arithmetick *cannot in* Figures *set*
An Age *of* Numbred *yeares to swell so* Great,
As to fill vp that time when these shall dye,
Being NEVER, *for it burnes* Eternally,
From the Worlds *first* Foundation, *to'th* Confounding:
Were Deluges *on* Deluges *abounding,*
Not All *that Raine* (*able to drowne the* World,
Reach'd it to heauen) *nor thousand* Oceans *hurld*
On top of all those Waters, can euer slake
Or quench the least drop of this brimstone Lake.
For (*which most dreadfull is*) *the* Flames *cease* Neuer — Fire without light.
To torture Soules, *and yet no light seene* Euer:
It is a Burning *which doth* Brightnesse *lack,*
The Coales *being infinite-hot, and infinite black.*
Yet through my horse of Hell *gallopp'd amaine,*
Now plung'd in Boyling lakes, then vp-againe;
Leaping into vast Caues, *where heate neuer comes:*
For sharper cold then Winters breath, *benummes.*
The Aire so stiffe, it freezeth All to ice,
And Clowdes of Snow; *whose* Flakes *are harder thrice*
Than those Quadrangled Haile-stones, *which in Thunder*
Kill Teemes, *and* Plough-men, *and* riue Oakes *in sunder.*

The Extremities of Cold *in Hell.*

Simile. THe Hyperborean wind, *whose Rough hand flings*
Mountaines for Snow-balls, *and on's Marble wings*
Beares Rocks *of ice, fetch'd from the* Frigid zone,
Which ſtuck i'th North Seas, *Seas and ſhoares were* One;
Ten thouſand wild Waues hardned in the Aire
Rattling like Iſicles *on his grizly* Haire,
And in his driueling Beard Snow *ten-times more*
Than e're the bald-pate Alpes *in* Periwigs *wore,*
When from his Caues of braſſe (*bound there in* Giues
Of Adamant) *out he whorries, and fore him driues*
(*In whirlewindes,*) Haile, Froſts, Sleete, *and* Stormes; *and*
With rugged Winter, *whom he* Roaring *greetes,* (*meetes*
Then clapping their obſtreperous Squallid Wings,
Each of them on the frozen Ruſſian *dings*
Such bitter blaſts downe, that they flye in Droues
(*Though ſwadled all in furres*) *to* Sweltring Stoues:
The Muffe, *the* Scythian, *nor the* Freeze-land-boore,
Nor the Laplandian Witch *once peeping o're*
A threſhold, leſt their Noſes, Cheekes, and Eyes
(*Pinch'd off by his Clumzy Nailes*) *be made a prize*
To ſnarling Boreas. *O yet! all this cold*
(*Were it pil'd vp in heapes a hundred fold,*
In ſtifned Clowdes to freeze ten thouſand yeere)
Is a Warme Thaw, *to'th piercing* Horrors *heere.*

The effects of the cold in hel Hells Cold *ſo biting, ſo Inuincible,*
Inſufferable, Inexpreſſible,

That

That from all cold elſe the ſharpe nips doth ſteale;
Should fire come neare it, it would fire congeale,
Till Flames *turne* icy Flakes, *and force fire leeſe*
His Vertue *ſo, that coales* Red-hot *will freeze.*
Here *I beheld (mee thought)* Soules *Scar-crow-like,*
Some bound, ſome hang bi'th heeles, whoſe heads did ſtrike
The Icy-knobbed-roofe, *toſſ'd too and fro,*
By Guſts *implacable, able downe to throw*
Rampires *of* Braſſe; *which ſtill beate out the* Braines.
And ſtill Renewde *them with* Plangiferous Paines.
Here, I beheld Kennels *of fat-paunch'd* Dogges,
From one to one howling in Dialogues
Of Helliſh Language, *curſing that they ſat* Hard-hearted-nes puniſhed.
At prawd Voluptuous Tables, *yet forgat*
Numm'd Charity, *when at their gawdy gates*
She begg'd *but* Scraps *of their worſt* Delicates,
Yet ſtarv'd for want; whilſt they at Toaſting fires
Bath'd their Ranke Guts: *and with ſharpe whips of* Wires
(But nothing elſe) heated her Shiuering limbes:
They quaffing Bowles *(ith' mean time) crown'd to'th* Brims.
And when ragg'd Souldiers, *of their* Bodies *making* Souldiers vnpitied.
Anatomies *in* Wounds, *with chill blaſts quaking*
And ſhrunke-vp mawes, did to their Worſhips *come,*
A Whipping-Poaſt, *and* Halter *was their* Doome.
Or when Thin-pale-cheek'd Schollers *held but forth* Schollers vnrewarded.
Their Thread-bare armes, *and did beſeech their worth*
To pittie hapleſſe Learning *once ſo much*
As not to ſee her beg: No, *they'd not* Touch
A Poore bookes couer, *though within it lay*
Their Soules wealth, *but (in ſcorne)* Shuffled *away.*

O Diuine Vengeance! *how most* Iuſt *thou art?*
What they Stung *others with, is* Now *their ſmart.*
Bleake Agues, Apoplexies, Murres, Catarrhes,
Coughes, Dropſies, Rhewmes, *diſeaſes that make wars,*
And in cold bloud kill Health, did here reigne rife,
And though they could not Waſt, *yet* Worried *life.*
Death *from his earthy hands flung here and there*
Cold Snakes, *and* Scorpions, *which did piece-male teare*
Froſt-bitten Soules, *and ſpewd them vp againe*
Wanting Diſgeſtion: *And to whip Paine with Paine,*
Ten thouſand Salamanders *(whoſe chill thawing*
Puts Bonfires *out) their ſtark-ſtiffe lunges were gnawing:*
Harſh was their Muſicke therefore, on no ſtring
But Yels; Teeth-gnaſhing, Chattring, Shiuering.

When thus farre I was tranſported by my *Dreame*: I called to minde (me thought) that vpon earth I had heard many great Schollers defend, that there was no Cold in hell: But then (turning ouer the leaues of my memory) I found written there, that *Iob* once ſpake thus.

They ſhal paſſe from the waters of *Snow*, to too much *Heate*. And that vpon thoſe wordes Reuerend *Bede* did inferre, that *Iob* ſeemed to point (with his finger as it were) at *Two Hels*, the one of *Fire*, the other of *Cold*. And that S. *Hierome* vpon the tenth of *Mathew*, did auouch the ſame thing: And againe, that *Hugo Victorinus*, in his Booke *De Anima*, had ſet downe, that in *Hell* there was a *Paſſage* from the waters of *Snow*, to the heate of *Fire*, and both of theſe were Inſufferable, &c. *Iob* 24.

Sebaſtian Barradas in 4. Euangel. lib. 10. cap. 5.

Hugo Victorinus lib. 4. cap. 13.

I likewiſe

I likewiſe (me thought) remembred, that the *Author* of the *Booke* (intituled *De Triplici Habitaculo*, that is to ſay, Of *Heauen*, *Earth*, and *Hell*) being thought to be the worke of Saint *Auguſtine*, had theſe wordes, *There are two principall Torments in Hell*; viz. *Intollerable Colde*, and *Intollerable Heate*. Whereupon the *Euangeliſts* wrote, there ſhall bee in *Hell*, *Weeping*, and *Gnaſhing* of *Teeth*: *Teares*, melting from the eyes through the extremity of *Fire*, and that of the *Teeth*, proceeding from the *Sharpeneſſe* of *Colde*. *Tom. 9. cap. 2.* Math. 13. Luke 13.

Then called I to minde, that *Iuſtinianus*, in his *Booke De caſto Connubio Animæ*, ſayd thus: There is in *Hell*, a *Fire Corporeall*, *Inextinguible*, wanting *Combuſtible* matter to nouriſh it: It ſhines to *Puniſhment*, not to *Conſolation*. In that place there is *Colde Incomparable*, *Gnaſhing* of *Teeth*, and *Smoake moſt Horrible-Stinking*, &c. And that *Hayma* commenting vpon *Mathew*, ſung the ſame Tune, thus: That among all the Tortures in *Hell*, the greateſt were *Heate* and *Cold*. *Iuſtinia. cap. 16.* *Hayma in Mat. 8. cap.*

My memory (me thought) amongſt theſe muſtred, *Anſelmus* in his *Elucidary*, *Innocentius* with his booke *De Contemptu Mundi*, with many others, all fighting vnder the ſame *Opinion*. *Innocent. lib. 6. cap. 4.*

Againe, I tooke hold vpon the 39. Chapter of *Eccleſiaſticus*, ſpeaking thus: They are *Spirits* created for *Reuenge*, and in their fury they haue fortified their Torments; when the finall *Day* ſhall come, they ſhall powre forth the force and rage of him that created them, *Fire*, *Hayle*, *Famine*, &c.

Theſe,& other *Fortifications* of *Reading* defending me, were Armors ſufficient & of proofe, that there was *Cold* in *Hell*: And that haply the Infernall torments did ſo change, that ſome times the *Soules* of *men* were ſcorched in fires, and anon as grieuouſly plagu'd with inexpreſſible anguiſh of cold: yet conſidering with my ſelfe, that it was no Pillar for Saluation to leane vpon,to beleeue that there was or was not any ſuch thing, it could (me thought) be no offence to *Perſwade*, It was ſo, or not ſo: and the rather,becauſe it was but a *Dreame*.

Bede in Iob.24.

My Mephoſtophilan Nag *(which foam'd before*
With a white frothy Sweate,*by ſcudding o're*
The Fields *of* Flames*) had now the* Glanders *got*
Through ſudden Cold,*when he was* Extreame hot:
Foundred *he was beſides (halting downe-right)*
So that I durſt nor on,*nor yet* Allight;
My ſelfe (mee thought) being almoſt frozen dead.
Back *therefore did I reyne his ſtubborne* Head,
When quick as Thought,he gallopp'd thence away,
And came againe where Soules all broyling *lay*:
Vpon them fell downe ſtormes of burning Speares,
Trumpets *red-hot,blowing* Flames *into their* Eares,
Each Sence,*and* Member,*that on earth had bin*
An Armour in the quarrell of Damn'd Sin
To fight'gainſt Heauen,*were (here) in pieces rent,*
And Faults *weigh'd out with equall puniſhment.*

Eſa.27.

The Glutton *roar'd for* Cookes *to giue him meate,*
Drunkards *for* Wine,*to quench their ſcalding* Heate,
Adulterers *for their* Whoores,*to coole thoſe* Fires
Which now burnt hotter then their old Deſires:

I will exerciſe Iudgement in weight,& Iuſtice in meaſure.Iere.25. Eſa.27.

Some

Some for Caroches *cry'd, some for their* Trayne
Of Vaſſailes *to attend, but cry'd in vaine.*

They ſhall cry to the gods whom they ſerued in this life, and they ſhall not ſaue them in this time of affliction. Ier. 2.

Pride of wome (and in that the effeminacy of men in this age) is heere taxed, and rewarded.

Gay gawdy women, who ſpent yeares of Noones
In tricking vp their Fronts *with* Chaperoones,
And powdred Haire: *whoſe Taylors ſheares did quarrell*
With Pride, *how to cut onely their apparrell,*
Whoſe Backs *wore out more* Faſhions *then their wit,*
Phantaſtickneſſe *being ſhort to alter it*
Into ſo many ſhapes, as they did vary
The loades, *being more then thoſe when fed* Mules *carry*
(In Sumpters*)* Great Lords *things: whoſe heads were*
Ith' Aire high as a Stags, *aboue all the* Heard; *reard*
And when they rode (their Foote-men *running by)*
They ſeem'd prowd Ships *in all their* Gallantry,
Newly-arriu'd, full-fraighted, vnder ſayle,
Slight empty Cock-boates *dancing at their* Tayle;
Theſe Dames, *who each day in French* Chariots *ſat*
Gliſtring like Angels, *a prowd-bounding* Trot
From foure faire Steedes *drawing all on them to wonder,*
That the Clowdes eccho'd, and the Earth *ſhooke vnder:*
But when their Courſers *tooke their full* Cariere,
It look'd like that Day, *when the* Thunderer
Struck with his Triple-fire Heauens Rider *downe;*
For (from their horſes noſtrils) Breath *was throwne*
Hot-quick as lightning, and their Hoofs vp-hurld
Such Clowdes of Smoake, *as when he fir'd the world.*

Phaetont. Fab. Ouid. Metam. lib. 2.

O horrid ſight! Theſe (once ſo much Ador'd)
In hell were drudges, ſpurn'd at, and abhorr'd;
Their Painted cheekes, *turn'd into* Witches *looks,*
Bright Haire *to Snakes, long* Fingers *into hooks,*
Pearle-Chaines *to roapes, their gawdy* Robes *to* Ragges,
And delicate bodies, vglier farre then Hagges.
They that for Table-crums *refuſ'd to buy*
And (for their ſoules) hoord vp Eternity,
Here offred worlds of Treaſure, *but to get*
One drop of Water: (*O hels infinite* Heate!)
Yet not a drop was ſufferd once to fall:
To quench their thirſt, Diuels held out cups of Gall.

Dives the patterne of ſuch vncharitable wretches, cries out in that Language: O Father *Abraham*, haue compaſſion vpon me, and ſend down *Lazarus* vnto me, that he may dippe the toppe of his finger in water and coole my tongue, &c. *Luke* 16.

Whatrable are in Hell.
Cram'd-vp in ſtinking corners I beheld
Baſe Heapes *tumbled together, who all yell'd*
Like bandogs tyed in kennels: High-way-ſtanders,
Theeues. Foiſts, Nips, *and* Iylts, Prinadoes, Bawdes, Pimpes, Pan-
Panders. *Olde ſunck-eyde* Beldames, *hir'd to keepe the doors,* (ders,
Bawdes. *Till their owne Daughters were by ſlaues made whoores:*
Catch-polles. Catchpolles, *and* Varlets, *who did poore men fleece*
(To their vndoing) for a Twelue-peny peece.
Commonbail. *Mongſt theſe were mingled* Periur'd *common*-Baile,
Petti-foggers *With* Petti-foggers, *that ſet Law to ſale*
Light weights breede heauineſſe. *With* Cauterized Conſciences; *Theeues, Cheates,*
Tradeſmen *that fed vpon the* Broken Meates

of

Of Oathes *and* Rotten-wares; *and thoſe to ſell*
Car'd not for ſingle money to buy Hell.
Ten thouſand Packs *(like theſe) were baſely throwne*
Into a Ware-houſe *of* Damnation,
Where Fire *their foode was,* Adders *galls their* Drinke,
And their Tobacco, *a ſtrong* Brimſtone *ſtinke.*

Good cheere in hell for ſinners.

His bread (ſpeaking of the wicked *worldling*) in his belly ſhall be turned into the gall of Serpents, hee ſhall be conſtrained to vomit out againe the riches which he hath deuoured, God ſhall pull them forth of his belly, he ſhall be conſtrained to ſuck the gals of Cockatrices, aud the tongues of Adders ſhall ſlay him, &c. *Iob* 10.

Iob. 20.

The Worme of Conſcience.

THe whips *that laſh'd the* Damn'd, *were ſome of* wire,
And ſome of Iron; *others were roapes of* Fire
Knotted with ragged ſtones of glowing Flint,
Which though in thouſand formes they did imprint
Tortures vpon their Soules, yet there was One
To which all Torments *elſe compar'd, were* None.
A kinde of Worme there was, all ſpeckled black,
That ſhot ten thouſand Prickles *from his back,*
Sharper then quils of Porcupines, *and longer,*
And further flying, and more ſwift and ſtronger;
It bare a Tearing forked ſting behinde,
Which in the Striking *did ſo ſtrangely* winde,

The Worme of conſcience.

It wounded euery way where it did Hit,
Nor could it be put by, by force or Wit:
This Worme *had* Teeth *of* needles, *and lay gnawing*
Both night and day, Black Soules *in peeces drawing:*
The more 'tis rack'd, it liues; the more it Fries
In Flames, *the lesse it* Burnes, *and* Neuer dies.

Our *Sauiour* speaking of the paines of the *Damned*, saith; that their *Worme* dieth not. *Mar.* 9.44.

To call but this *worme* to minde (amongst the other *Torments* of that *Infernall Lake*) marke in what passions one powreth forth his feares: *Gehennam timeo, quippe interminatam, exhorreo Tartarum vt cui nimium insit Caloris, paueo Tenebras quoniam nihil admittunt Lucis, Formido pestiferum VERME M, quoniam est perennis, &c.*

Cyrillus Alexandrinus in Oratione de Exitu Animæ.

I feare *Gehenna*, because it hath no end, *Hell* to me is horrible, because it hath too much *Fire*, the *Darkenesse* I trẽble at, because it hath no *Light*, the *Deadly* WORME affrights me, because it is *Euer-lasting*.

Gehenna, one of the Names of Hell, taken from Hinmon valley, &c.

Holy *Bernard* beeing pierced to the *Soule* with the same *Agony* of *Feare*, thus confesseth it: *Paueo Gehennam, Contremisco a Dentibus Bestiæ infernalis, Horreo VERME M rodentem, et ignem torrentem, Fumum, et Vaporem, et Sulphur, et Spiritum Procellarum, &c.*

Bernard. Serm. 16. in Cantic.

I am (saies hee) afraid of *Hell*, I tremble at the teeth of the Infernall *Dragon*, the *Gnawing* WORME is a *Horror* to me, and the *Roasting Fire*, and the *Smoake*, and the *Brimstone*, and the *Spirit* of *Stormes*, &c.

One

One Soule, *me thought, boyling in Sulphurous flame,*
Curs'd God, *and on his* Rigor *did exclame,*
Rail'd *at him for* Iniustice, *and thus* Cri'd:
If for my Sin *thy* Sonne *was* Crucified,
Why am I h' ll'd in Execution
In this Damn'd Iayle, *euer to be* Vndone?
If Hee *layd downe his life to set me* Cleere
From all my Debts, *why am I* Dungeon'd Here?
Why for a life no longer then a Span,
Am I an Euerlasting damned Man?
He whom the First bad woman *did intice,*
Was but once driuen out of Paradice,—
Yet hee (euen then) was Sole Monarchall Lord
O're the whole Globe, Seas *did to him Accord*
In sweete Obedience: *all the* Beasts *on* Earth,
As vnder his Dominion *they tooke birth,*
So from him had they Names, *they all did* Bow
Their knees to him, and did obserue his Brow.
He *lost a* Garden, *but an* Orchard *found,*
Wall'd in with Seas, *with* Sun-beames *compast round,*
Where Birds *(whose Notes were neuer since so cleare)*
Seru'd as Musitians *All, to tune his* Eare:
A Serpent *cozened* Him *by sorcerous* Charmes,
But (in his stead) a woman *fild his Armes*:
A woman! *in whose* Face *more* Beauties *shone*
Then all the Beauties *after made in* One:
He *was* Mans *Maister-thiefe*, Robd *him of* All,
Droue him from Eden, *and (so) fore'd him* Fall
Out of the Sphære *of* Innocence: *and yet*
Those Crownes *of* Blessings God *on him did set.*

A soule bitterly accusing God of Iniustice.

Adam a Monarch after his deposing:

Why then for Sin *but of a minutes date,*
Muſt I for Euer *be a* Rebrobate?
Auri ſacra Fames. Gods holy hunger *though it oft did kill me,*
Gods holy Banquet *yet did neuer fill me;*
The Silke worme *ne're for me wrought in her* Loome,
I neuer ſlept in a Rich Lordly Roome,
Neuer eate Pies *of* Nightingales Tongues, *or ſate*
Like Diues *at my table ſern'd in* Plate.
My Beldame Nurſe (*the* Earth) *when ſhe gaue* Suck
To me, her left Breaſt *ſtill ſhe forth did pluck,*
Being Iuiceleſſe: or from thence if Drops *did fall,*
How could I quench my thirſty Iawes with Gall?
I neuer lackeyed by proud Fortunes *wheele,*
For all the taſte of Pleaſures *I did feele,*
Was in the warme Embracements *of my* Whore:
If that were Sin, *why then did* Nature *ſtore*
My Veines *with hot bluid, blowing luſtfull fire?*
'Twas her Corruption, *and not my* Deſire.
I likewiſe (now and then) was waſh'd within
All-o're with Wines, *but why ſhould that be* Sin,
When God *the* Vineyard *planted, and in's word*
Bid Man drinke wine? *Thou art a* Rigorous Lord,
(*Mee thought*) *the* Hell-hound *howl'd, for trifling* Crimes
To Damne *me in a* World *out-lengthning* Times.
Say, that full ſixty yeares my Glaſſe *did run,*
More then that halfe I ſlept, there was non
Little to Hell in ſleepe: but my life's thread
Reach'd but to thirty, ſo that I lay dead
Fifteene of thoſe, and of theſe fifteene, fiue
At leaſt were childiſh: O muſt I liue

Be

Be held for Euer *in* Damnations Iayle
For poore ten yeares! when I perhaps did faile
Some part of them towards Heauen? *What curſed* waue
Threw'ſt Thou *to drowne me in th' Infernall* Graue?
My Parents bleſt *me* Mornings, Noones *and* Nights,
Were all thoſe ſpent in Vayne? *I tooke delights*
In plucking Apples from t'Heſperian Trees,
Which Eating, *I grew* Learn'd: *adde to* All theſe
My Priuate Readings, *which more* School'd *my* Soule,
Then Tutors, *when they ſternlieſt did* Controll
With Frownes *or* Rods: *ſome* Dayes *in* This *were* Spent:
So that if All *my* Faire-writ leaues *were* Rent
Out of Gods Memory, *alack! it were*
A Thin Booke *of the* Foule: *yet muſt I (here)*
For ſowing ſome Few Acres *vn-awares*
Of Bad Corne, *reape an* Endleſſe Field *of* Tares?
At this, ten thouſand Soules (*rauing mad*) Roard
That on their Heads *the ſelfe-ſame ſhot was ſcoar'd*:
But then, a Voice (*turn'd to an* Angels Sound)
With repercuſſiue Ecchoes *did rebound*
Through all the Court *of* Barathrum, *thus* Thundering
Terrors *that ſhooke* Hells Center: Ceaſſe *thy wondring*
(*Thou* Bawling Reprobate,) *a recompence*
Is giuen thee to the Weight *of thine* Offence.
For had thy yeares out-reach'd Methuſlem's *Age*,
Thy Black *lifes* Torrent (*with impetuous rage*)
Had Boundleſſe, Bottomleſſe, Reſtleſſe *him*,
So that as Thy Eternity *did* Sin
Tortured *thou art in* Gods Eternity:
Thy faults to him, his rods for thee doe buy:

Peccas Homo in AEterna tua: Punit Deus in AEterno ſuo.

Nor can he in his Iuſtice *pittie thoſe,*
Who pitty not themſelues, but do expoſe
Their Soules to Foule Acts, *ſcorning threatned* Paine;
Like Whoores, who buy Damnation *for ſmall* Gaine.
Thou on the bread *thy* Sins *did earne dorſt feede,*
Not paying by the Day, *but by the* Deede.
What was thy whole life but a Mutinous Warre
'Gainſt thy Creator? *Euery* Senſe *did* Iarre
From his Obedience: *like to* Mad-mens *ſwords*
Thy works *were* wounds, *and* blowes *flew from thy* words:
Thy Lips, Eares, Eyes, *haue ſtill bin* Gates *ſet* wide,
To let in Blaſphemy, Luſt, Auarice, Pride,
And Legions *of ſuch* Diuels. *Thou didſt* Dwell
Firſt in a Houſe *of* Fleſh, *but now in* Hell:
That was thy Partner, *and (as* Partners *doe)*
Hath thee Vndone *for* Euer: *Thou ſhalt* Rue.
His Ryots, VVhorings, Swearings, *his* Diſorders
Are thy Damnations; *euery* Senſe *now ſutders*
Thy Torments; *the looſe* Glances *of the* Eyes,
The Liquoriſhneſſe *of* Taſte, *the* Melodies
To the Laſciuious Eare; *All-all theſe turne*
To thy Perdition, *thou for theſe ſhalt* burne,
To no hand holden-vp can helpe be giuen,
The Left *is* Hels, *the* Right *beat back from* Heauen:
In Flames *go it* VVher, *and grow* Green *againe;*
Paine *kill thee, yet thou ſtill ſhalt liue in paine.*
On was he going, but to drowne *this* Voice,
All Hell *broke looſe, and then were heard no Noyſe*
But Vlulations, Shrikings, Horred Soundings
Of Ratling-Chaynes, *and thouſand ſtrange Confoundings*

The ſoule and body beeing Partners, vndo one another.

Of

Of Indistinguishable *dire-mix'd* Terrors: *At which (I* Trembling*)* WAKDE; *and though the* Er-
Of my Sleepe-wandring-Soule, *were now left* Cleare,
And that my cold hands had tane leaue of feare,
Yet my Heart *panted, and my* Haire *turn'd* white,
More through the Ghastly Obiects *of this* Night,
Then with the Snow *of* Age: *And yet euen then,*
Collecting vp my selfe, I read of Men
The Volumes *ouer, and the world, so well*
That I found Here *worse* Diuels *then are in* Hell.

FINIS.